

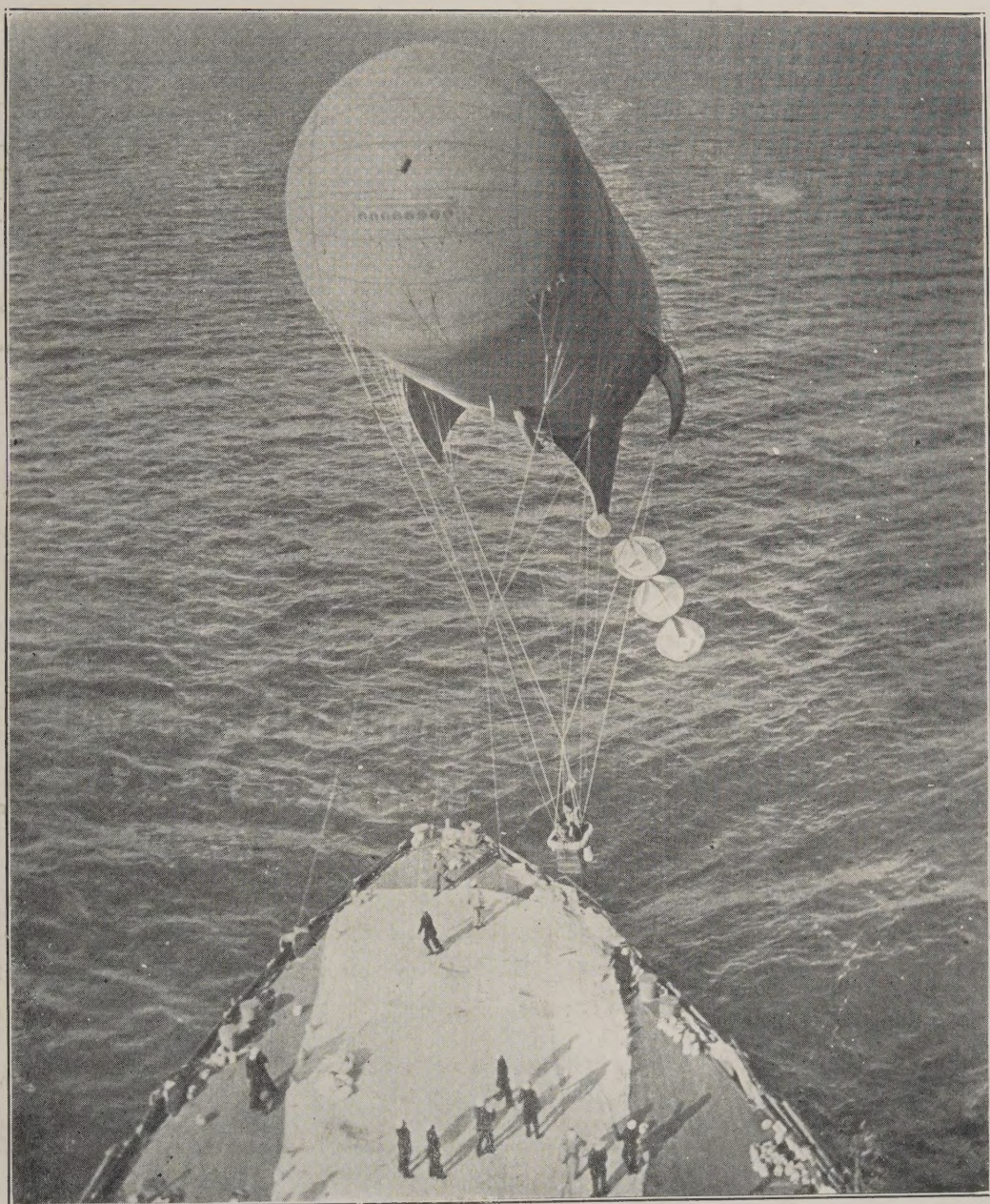
DECEMBER 1, 1918

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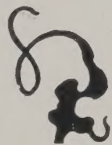
THE MINE BURST

TOMPKINSVILLE

STATEN ISLAND



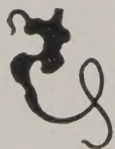
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U. S. N.*



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AIRPLANE BUILT IN U. S. BREAKS SPEED RECORD

**Goes 160 Miles an Hour, and Navy
Expects It Will Do Better.**

The United States has produced the fastest airplane in the world. The output of Liberty motors for October exceeded the combined output of both Great Britain and France of all kinds of airplane motors for any month. Thus America, which invented the heavier-than-air flying machine, regains its pre-eminence in this regard.

The navy's program for making permanent the twenty-one coastal air defense stations planned for the war was explained to the House Appropriations Committee today by Rear Admiral Taylor, chief of construction, who asked that \$85,769,000 be provided for this work next year.

Squadrons of fighting aircraft of every description will be included in the equipment for stations along the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf coasts and the insular possessions.

New stations, Admiral Taylor said, are to be erected on the Maine coast between Portland and Rockland; at Narragansett Bay, New York, Port Arthur, Tex.; San Francisco, Seward, Alaska; the Hawaiian Islands, Virgin Islands, Guam and in the Canal Zone.

Stations are now under construction at Cape Lookout, N. C.; Brunswick, Ga., and Galveston, Tex., and others have been completed at Chatham, Mass.; Rockaway Beach, Cape May, Miami and Key West, Fla.; San Diego, Cal., and in the Canal Zone.

Fastest Airplane in the World.

In a general discussion of plans Admiral Taylor said the fastest airplane in the world was built in the United States. This machine, known as the Kirkham triplane, developed a speed of 160 miles an hour, and experiments are contemplated to see if it cannot do better than that. The admiral also told of a German Zeppelin that recently flew from Bulgaria to East Africa and back. It was sent out to bring home a German commander, but he was captured before the craft arrived.

Liberty motor production was at the rate of 150 a day when the armistice was signed, said Lieutenant H. H. Emmons, U. S. N., chief of the engine production department of the Aircraft Production Board, at the War Department recently, in a lecture attended by Secretary Baker and other army officials.

Deliveries of Liberty motors in October reached 5,297, Lieutenant Emmons said, a larger number of motors than English and French factories had been able to deliver in any one month.

Detailing the history of the Liberty engine Lieutenant Emmons said only two changes had been made in design since its original conception. One of these was to substitute a "force-feed" system of lubrication for a "scupper" system, and the other was an alteration in the connecting rod to give more play. All other changes, he said, were in power, and were the result of instructions from experts connected with General Pershing's staff.

More Power Needed.

The initial engine delivered 330 horse power. After 300 had been manufactured and the builders were beginning to swing into quantity production, the officer said, the authorities in France advised that more power was needed. The engine was "stepped up" to 375 horse power, necessitating additional strength in certain parts.

To illustrate the effect of these orders, Lieutenant Emmons said that they required changes back to the steel foundries, which were called upon to change the specifications of the raw

steel. Five hundred of the 375-horse-power motors had been produced when General Pershing asked for another increase in power, or for motors developing 400 horse power.

Despite these difficulties, statistics were quoted showing that 1,100 motors had been delivered on May 29, "one year after the first scratch of the pencil toward the design of the engine."

Up to last week, the officer said, the deliveries totaled 31,813.



Lieut. C. W. Bell, U. S. N. R. F.,
Aide for Aviation to the Commandant,
Third Naval District.

U. S. Naval Dirigible Makes Akron- New York Trip.

The Aero Club of America has awarded a medal of merit to Maj. B. L. Smith of the Marine Corps and Lieut. R. A. D. Preston, U. S. N., to commemorate the first long distance flight made with the first twin-motored dirigible. The D17, the largest naval dirigible, made a successful trip from Akron, Ohio, to New York, on October 22.

The Navy Department's official statement reads as follows:

"Manned by aviation officers of the Marine Corps and the navy, and with two civilian mechanics aboard, the first of the navy's twin-motor dirigibles flew over Washington this morning at the completion of the first lap of approximately 315 miles, of a flight from

Akron, Ohio, to Rockaway, N. Y. The big dirigible landed at the Anacostia aviation field for a fresh supply of fuel, but resumed its flight at 1.17 p. m. The start was made from Akron this morning at 1.10 a. m., Central time, and the landing was made at 11.10 Eastern time, a running time of nine hours, approximately thirty-five miles an hour. The flight over Washington was made at a low elevation, and as the dirigible flew over the new Navy Building, then circled over the White House and Treasury, thousands had a close view of it.

The dirigible, marked D-17, flew over Washington and attracted great attention. Through the mark D-17, the public learned that it was a naval dirigible. The ship has a hydrogen capacity of about 180,000 cubic feet, and is equipped with two Hispano-Suiza motors of 150 horsepower. The following were the crew on board: Maj. B. L. Smith, Marine Corps; Lieut. R. A. D. Preston, U. S. N. R. F.; Lieut. (j. g.) D. P. Hood, U. S. N. R. F.; Lieut. (j. g.) W. L. Hamlin, U. S. N. R. F.; Ensign J. Esterley, radio operator, and M. Roulette and James Royal, civilian mechanics.

This was the first trip made by dirigible from Akron to Washington, and from Washington to New York.

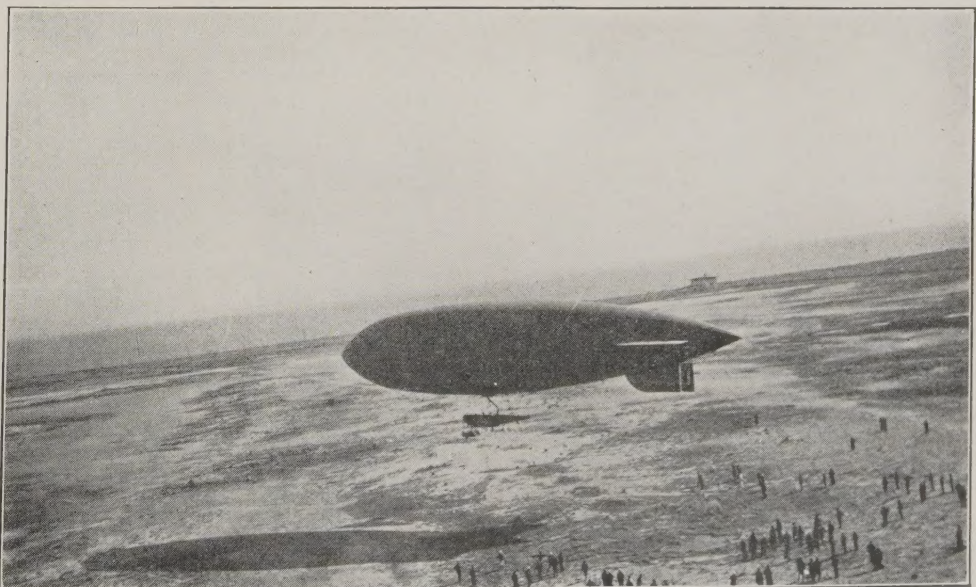
The only recent long distance trip on the part of a dirigible was made by a Goodyear dirigible, the D-12, when it made a 360-mile trip from Akron, Ohio, to Dayton, Ohio, and return, last summer. The D-12 was equipped with a single motor, whereas the D-17 is equipped with two motors.

Rest Required.

As soon as a pilot on active service has "flown himself out" and is tired and has lost his keenness he is sent home for a long rest. If at any time he does not feel like flying he is given a holiday.

Thus is the very best got out of the airmen. They are keen enough not to want a few non-flying days until they feel that they absolutely must have rest. At the same time they know that the medical officer will order it the moment it is necessary.

But if there is strain there is also exhilaration. Airmen love the sensation of flying and love to feel a machine obeying their slightest touch. The fighting airmen, moreover, enjoy the fierce delights of single combat. Fighting in the air is sporting and often chivalrous. Airmen more than any other modern soldiers can enjoy the feelings which animated Coeur de Lion and the Black Prince.



JUST LEAVING THE GROUND.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By John Smith.

The writer, after a good many years' experience, has discovered, sometimes to his cost, that there is a good deal in a name.

I have never been able to understand (and I have demanded explanation several times) why my parents ever inflicted upon me such a name as John Smith. Some day, when I rise to political influence, I shall endeavor to have passed legislation that will permit one to adopt his mother's name if he so chooses. Then I shall be John Mac—, and the change will be a welcome one.

Early in life my name got me into all kinds of difficulties. Before I had been many years at school I had cause to regret my name. One day the principal of the school that I attended received a note from a lady who lived in the vicinity of the school, stating that a window in her home had been smashed that morning by a schoolboy named John Smith. The principal, a stern old Scot, immediately mustered all the John Smiths in school. There were three unfortunates. Of course each of us in turn denied having committed the vile deed. I am positive I did not. Nevertheless the principal was convinced that one of us was guilty, and, to make sure that he punished the right one, all three had to submit to the good old-fashioned "tawse" (leather strap), with the result that I could not sit down for several hours afterward.

When I made my first trip to sea my name again got me into difficulties. Another apprentice, unfortunately, laid claim to the name of John Smith, which, of course, led to all kinds of trouble. He was distinguished as John Smith No. 1, which gave him an air of superiority over me. I was designated John Smith No. 2. We were on different watches, No. 1 being on the port watch, while I was on the starboard. When No. 1 was given a job not quite to his liking he usually managed to put it up to No. 2, and vice versa. This, of course, led to many bitter arguments, sometimes to blows. The climax came when the ship arrived in Valparaiso and the mail came on board. I opened a letter addressed to John Smith from Dundee (both of us claimed Dundee as our home town), which I discovered afterward, to my cost, rightfully belonged to No. 1. It was a love epistle signed by "your ever-loving Nell."

I read the epistle through, and, in concluding, I said audibly, "your ever-loving Nell. Who can Nell be?" For answer I received a wallop on the nose that showed me a brilliant, starry bedecked concave—and the hour was noon. A fight ensued. No. 1 and I embraced so fondly (?) that the boatswain had to use a capstan bar to pry us apart.

My name has interfered with my love affairs. At the age of 20 I became keenly interested in a dainty little English maid, and I had every reason to believe that she was interested in

me. But, alas! after our affair had progressed for about five months, one day she informed me that my name was so frightfully common that she must give me up. I suppose if I had been Algernon or Reginald things would have been different. However, the miss was the mercy.

In my travels my name has caused me grief and pain. On one occasion I had to put up for the night at an hotel in Boston. When I registered the clerk looked at my signature; then stared at me, and exclaimed: "Say, mister, please have a heart. Can't you see there are five John Smiths ahead of you! Besides, you are alone. Can't you make it William Jones?" I bluntly refused, whereupon he muttered something about John Smiths that I did not catch, and he wisely refused to repeat.

Since joining up I have made many new friends, one in particular in Tom B—. Tom has told me many times that if ever I happened to be in his home town to go over and call on his folks and they would give me a royal time. I have not seen Tom for months. Imagine my surprise on receiving a letter from him the other day stating he hoped I enjoyed my visit to his people! I have not been within fifty miles of Tom's home town. I wrote and told him so. I have received another letter, and from it I learned this: One John Smith had visited there, and by accident was met by Mrs. B—, who asked same John Smith if he was Tom B—'s friend. Of course he was. So the B—'s proceeded to treat him like a prince. And now they demand a photo of me so that they won't again be deceived.

I almost forgot to tell you of a little experience I had while crossing the pond on an Anchor Liner. The passenger list showed another John Smith besides myself. After the first day out at sea I struck up an acquaintance with my namesake. We became quite friendly and confidential, and one day he informed that he had adopted the name of John Smith and was proceeding to South America to escape marital woes. After confiding his tale of woe to me he asked why I had taken the name of John Smith and why I was traveling westward. I could not convince him that I had no past and that John Smith was my rightful name.

The limit has been reached, and I am still more convinced than ever that a man ought to be allowed to change to his mother's name if he so chooses because of an experience I had the other day when the duty officer informed me that a lady wished to speak to me on the phone. It was about 1 p. m., and I simply rushed to the phone. I never care to keep ladies waiting. The following conversation took place, Ensign Smith on the wire:

Female Voice: How are you?

E. S.: Fine, thank you. How are you?

F. V.: How did you get home the other night?

E. S.: The same as I get home any other night.

F. V.: You are some boy!
E. S.: Who is talking, please?
F. V.: Now, John, you know who is talking.
E. S.: No, I'm sorry, I don't.
F. V.: Can't you recognize the voice?
E. S.: No.
F. V.: John, you are the limit!
E. S.: Tell me who you are or I'll ring off.
F. V.: C— B—.

Now, I once knew a young lady by that name, but I had not seen her in years, and I could not for the life of me understand why she should call me now, so I proceeded with the conversation.

E. S.: Oh, yes; I remember you now.

F. V.: Of course, you do. I want to see you in the worst way this afternoon.

E. S.: You do? Why?

F. V.: I can't tell you now, but I must see you.

E. S.: I am sorry, but I am just starting for New York on duty, and I will be unable to see you.

F. V.: I am going to New York, too. Can't I meet you there?

E. S.: I am going to No. 280 Broadway. I'll get there about 3 p. m. You may meet me there.

F. V.: That will be fine. I am in Brooklyn now, and I'll start right away.

E. S.: All right. Goodbye!

F. V.: Goodbye!

In due course I arrived at 280 Broadway. There I found a buxom dame standing in the main doorway. She was not the C— B— I knew in years gone by. My suspicions were aroused; but I was determined to see the thing through, so I walked boldly up, saluted, and inquired, "Are you Miss B—?" She answered "Yes." "Then," said I, "I am Ensign Smith, from the Mine Sweeping Squadron." She blushed. "I wanted Ensign John Smith." I replied: "I am the one and only Ensign John Smith in the whole division, and it was I who talked to you on the phone." She blushed again, and stammered, "Are you sure?" I replied, "I am quite positive." As she started off she said, "I am afraid there is some mistake." I agreed with her, and wished her good day. The poor dear almost fell over herself in her haste to get away. I bear no ill-will against whoever is using my name ashore, but I sincerely hope that if there is a likelihood of a recurrence of an incident such as the one related above that they will make it worth while my striking up a new acquaintance.

A little boy who bore a German name was lamenting the fact one day to his playmates that his mother was Irish, and in the course of his lamentation he exclaimed: "Gee! I wisht me fadder had been me mudder."

I lament that my mother's name was not my father's, as I feel so frightfully common as plain John Smith.

SCANDAL.

By Neil Sullivan.

Fred Schumm, the commissary stupid, has a pair of musical shoes. The other day as he violined along the yard everyone stood at attention, the sounds emanating from the shoes sounded somewhat like the "Star Spangled Banner."

Try this on your typewriter, that's about all its good for. Now is the time for all good men to put in a request for discharge.

Now that we are finished strafing the Hun, Brosnan, the orderly, has turned in his weapons. ONE MOP AND ONE BROOM.

Jack Mayer, the captain's shadow, claims, when he is discharged, he is going to settle down in some quiet little saloon.

Better hurry up and draw plenty of dungarees, boys; you will have to go back to your civilian jobs soon.

Menu dreamed by a gob who over-at on Thanksgiving Day:

Watch Cap Soup
Shredded Neckerchiefs
Boiled Peacoat a la Gratin
Dress Blues on Toast
Grated White Hats with Dungaree Dressing

Anna Malloy, who controls the lines of communication for the Lighthouse Department, was an interested listener to a tale being told by one of Pershing's veterans the other evening. The soldier had a German's coat who had been shot and was showing Anna the hole where the bullet passed through. After he had finished, Anna exclaimed: "If that careless soldier had tended to his clothes the hole would not have been there and his life would have been saved."

PERSONAL OFFICE OF THE AID FOR INFORMATION.

The work of this Bureau involves the location of stragglers; apprehension of deserters; investigation of all offenses committed in this district by the enlisted personnel and officers of the Navy against Navy Regulations and Military Law; all investigations regarding the loyalty of Navy Yard employees; attempts to interfere with the labor supply and work of the Navy Yard and protection of Navy Yard property in general; all investigations conducted on behalf of the Navy Department in this district in shipyards where Navy ships are being built or repaired; investigations of all activities along the water-front tending to injure the Naval establishment; investigations of fires on ships tied up along the waterfront; suspects on piers and docks or entering the country suspected of pro-German sympathy or activities inimical to the interests of this country; (all of said cases having some direct Naval connection); investigations of unauthorized radio apparatus, blinker and other signaling; investigations regarding any matters having a Naval connection requested by the Aids for Information in other districts or other Government departments.

Officers: Commander H. O. Rittenhouse, Aid for Information; Lieutenant T. B. Hasler, Aide to Comdr. Rittenhouse; Ensign W. L. DeMuth, Personnel Officer and Assistant to Lieutenant Hasler.

PAY OFFICE BULLETIN.

By HARRY.

This column is hereby dedicated to our friend, Eli Charney, the yeoman from East New York.

Once upon a time not so many months ago, there was an unusual surprise in the Pay Office when a civilian appeared. After standing around for some time and looking like the west side of a horse going east, he finally came to life and spoke. Is dis da Bay Office?

Believe me, friends, it was as if a bomb had exploded. Babe Paddy fainted away and had to be revived. In fact, Paddy had to go to the hospital the next day and have part of himself cut away. After the mob scene he was finally accepted as one of us, but the office has never been the same.

When once this same Charney has been seen in action, particularly while walking, he gives the correct idea of



Commander Rittenhouse
Lieutenant Hasler
Lieutenant Gass
Ensign Sullivan
Ensign Purdy
Ensign Fitzgerald
Ensign Ellert
Ensign Capshaw

Ensign O'Brien
Ensign Dinsmore
Ensign Beers
Ensign Shull
Ensign Warren
Ensign Gedney
Ensign Markey
Ensign Ragland

Ensign Berg
Ensign Hostetter
Ensign Gilkinson
Ensign Bernhard
Ensign Swain
Ensign Demuth
Ensign Matteson
Ensign Howland

rotary motion. In fact, we honestly believe he originated the aforesaid motion.

A sight fit for the gods is little Eli making an attack on the mess hall. Ye gods and holy mackerel, what a feeder! Marvelous! Stupendous! Miraculous! How can one mortal eat so much? We'll stake East New York Eli against any one for speed, quantity and endurance.

Well, gentle readers, to cap the climax, this same Eli received a letter, which is in itself an unheard of thing. The color of the envelope was a passionate pink, and the perfume, ah, mon chérie! delicious. When Eli read the missive he quietly passed away. Peace be with you, Eli.

Chief Upchurch states his wife is despondent on him. What's the idea, Ben?

Scene on the ferryboat on the evening of November 27:

A certain officer and five gobs sitting outside the cabin. Three young ladies pass, and officer and gob (Rube) walk in the opposite direction to head said females off. The girls return, unattached, and upon invitation of Levy, seat themselves with the remaining four gobs. Officer and Rube return and find girls and gobs having a jolly time. Ta-ra-ra! I wonder who the laugh was on.

King Cole has left us flat. He has done gone and left us for a new job, inspecting ordnance. Best luck, Hal. Let's hear from you once in a while.

Indoor Sports.—King playing with the cat. Then, again, who can blame him? Misery loves company.

The entire Pay Office wishes Pay Clerk Carton all the luck in the world when he goes to Pelham for his examination next Monday.

Has any one seen the rating badge on Storekeeper Callahan's arm?

Boatswain Charles H. Clarke does not know whether he is losing his hearing or not.

The gobs at 280 in striking the bells for time, sometimes strike any old way, and when Bo's'n Charles bawls them, always claim that they were struck properly.

One thing is sure, they know how to strike the belles yeomanettes properly in the hallways.

Ensign Meehan returned from furlough this week.

Bo's'n Charles H. Clarke is about to be detached and detailed to the Newport as watch officer. He is a graduate of the ship, and it will be like

home to him again. He says if he had remained at 290 Broadway he would not have been able to tell the difference between a ridge rope and a marlin spike.

HEARD ON THE RIPPLE.

Seaman on deck hoisting ashes with ash hoist.

Hey, fireman!

Fireman (below).—What the hell do you want?

S.—Take the kinks out of the rope.

F.—Whadye mean?

S.—Take the wrinkles out.

CARDS FROM THE CARDINAL.

What's the matter, Smith, with the girl on Staten Island; did you throw her over? It seemed to be a fever. Jack and Jill seem to do as you did, Smith. Now you fellows will have to make up, for the girl will be waiting for a Christmas present.

Somebody's Boy.

He's only a sailor, I heard them say,
As they passed him on the street one day;
Little they knew that his heart was true,
As it beat beneath his suit of blue.
He's somebody's boy, away from home,
And in distant lands he may sometimes roam.

He's not afraid of the wildest wave
and storm,
He's not ashamed of his uniform.
Don't scorn his clothes, nor give him a look,
As though he were nothing but some real crook;
He's Uncle Sam's boy, on land and sea,
And a braver lad there never could be.

So treat him with kindness and give him a smile;
To speak to a sailor is always worth while.
Here's a line to all sailors, where'er they may be,
At home, on shore, or away out at sea,
I will never forget you, I'll always be true,
To the lad in the uniform, and the Red, White and Blue!

A young Swede appeared at the county judge's office and asked for a license.

"What kind of a license?" asked the judge. "A hunting license?"

"No," was the answer, "aye tank aye bane hunting long enough. Aye want marriage license."

MACHINERY NOTES

Navy Practice—Engines and Boilers—Directions for Starting Up Boilers.

The time required to start up boilers depends on the type and size, as well as upon the character of the engine.

Scotch boilers require six to eight hours at least, twelve hours being better, particularly so if the boiler has been under repair. Water tube (Babcock & Wilcox) require about one hour, four hours being better.

Previous to lighting fires in any marine boiler using either coal or liquid fuel, the precautions that must always be taken are:

1. Water in boiler above highest heating surface; water should show in gauge glass for about one-quarter of its height.
2. Gauge glass cocks should be tried to see if they are in good working order.
3. Gauge cocks should be tried and proved to be in good order.
4. Bottom and surface blow valves should be closed.
5. All connections to boiler examined to see if they are properly secured and ready for use.
6. Smoke pipe covers removed.
7. All connection and cleaning doors on the boiler must be closed and properly secured.
8. Air cock on top of boiler should be open.
9. All cocks or valves on line to steam gauge must be open.
10. The safety valve hand lifting gear should be operated to see that it is not stuck.

The fire is started (where there is no other fire) by using kindling wood or oily waste, laying this near the front and adding a little coal. The fire is allowed to burn up slowly and is pushed back as it burns, new coal being added from time to time till full thickness, 6 to 10 inches, is reached. Keep ash pit doors closed and open furnace doors to allow air to reach the fire above the fuel.

After fires have been started, the fire doors are closed and ash pit doors are opened. With Scotch boilers great care must be taken that the boiler is gradually heated and that one part is not cold while another is hot.

In Scotch boilers, steam should form in from five to six hours. As soon as steam is on, circulating pump should be started.

In water tube (B. & W.) boiler fires can be pushed as much as possible and a great many precautions used with Scotch boilers can be disregarded. In an emergency, steam in water tube boilers can be brought up to pressure in 30 minutes, but it is better if one to three hours be taken.

When steam comes out of the air cock, close it. In Scotch boilers it will take about two hours from time steam starts until full pressure is reached. In water tube boilers it may be only a few minutes.

Oil Burners.

Lighting Up.—In addition to the inspection necessary to see that the boiler is ready for operation as outlined previously, it is important that the furnace be inspected to insure its being free of oil and well ventilated. When oil burning boilers are fitted with dampers, care must be used to see that they are fully open to permit a free escape of the gases from the furnace.

To start a boiler (no steam available).

1. Open damper (if fitted).
2. Examine furnace to see whether any oil has dropped from a leaky burner. If so, wipe it up.
3. Using hand pump, bring up the

pressure on the burner line to about 200 pounds and keep it steady.

4. Open wide the shutters to all registers to give as much air as possible.

5. All burner oil valves closed and cut out or master valve open.

6. Dip a torch made of a long rod, with asbestos ball wicking or waste on its hooked end, into a can of oil or kerosene, and light the torch.

7. Open the burner and light it, stand well clear of the register opening to furnace to avoid a possible flareback.

8. Unless the oil is a light one whose viscosity is 8 or below at 70 degrees F., the torch will have to be kept up to the burner constantly until steam forms. A charcoal heater is installed to overcome this difficulty, and in such case should be used.

9. When steam has reached 75 or 100 pounds, put steam on oil pumps and heaters and cut out hand pump.

10. Put steam on forced draft blower and get ready to light other burners.

11. Start blower slowly and light off burner.

12. As soon as the burner is lighted, close up fire room and bring up air pressure to three inches. A second burner can then be cut in and lighted.

13. Close register vanes of dead burners, speed up blowers and regulate the opening of the register of burners in use to prevent vibration of the boiler and to eliminate smoke.

When steam is available, the operation of lighting up is simplified; the same precautions as given above are to be used:

1. Start a blower and run it slowly to provide a draft to prevent a possible flareback.

2. Start oil service pump, cut in oil heater and put a pressure of 200 pounds on the burner line.

3. Hold lighted torch against wide open vanes of center burner and open burner valve wide.

4. When burner is lighted, speed up blower and regulate register vane openings to eliminate smoke. If preparing for sea, sea burners should be used when lighting up.

5. Always light off center burner in top row first and adjacent burners in order, one at a time. The wing burners should be the last to be lighted and the first to be cut out. If a burner is lighted under a boiler, adjacent burners may be lighted without using a torch. Never try to light a burner from a red-hot brick wall; it may light, but in case it should not an explosive gas instantly forms, and there is immediate danger of a flareback. Before a burner is lighted, always see that the register vanes of the burner to be lighted are open.

If, when lighting up the torch should be extinguished, or if the burner should go out after having been lighted, the oil must be shut off *immediately*, and the furnace must be *sufficiently* blown through with steam or air to clear it of all gases. Unless this is done the oil will be sprayed into the furnace and will collect on the furnace floor; part of the spray will mix with the air to form a combustible gas, and an attempt to relight the burners will result in a dangerous explosion or flareback.

In raising steam in a cold boiler, warm up slowly with two burners until steam is formed; under usual conditions this should take about one-half hour. Then additional burners may be cut in as desired. Until the boiler furnace is well heated an excessive amount of air will be required to prevent smoke.

Full Power Conditions.—Running at full power with oil burning boilers dif-

fers from running at lower powers only in so far as it is necessary to increase the oil pressure, maintain a high air pressure and use as many burners as possible.

Shutting down a boiler:

1. Shut off the burners one at a time, wing burners first, then the bottom row, then the upper row and top center burner last.

2. Slow burners first before cutting out.

3. Slow fuel oil service pump.

4. When all burners are shut off, close oil supply.

5. Close all air doors.

6. Stop blower when it is certain that it has run long enough to blow all oil gas out of the boiler.

Notice.—Engineering officers send to the "Machinery Notes" Editor of The Mine Burst any wrinkles they may encounter in handling their machinery.

SOME REQUESTS FOR DISCHARGES.

Gathered by J. R. W. Smith.

I feel justified in requesting release from active duty. When the United States declared war I saw it was my duty to answer the call for volunteers and I therefore enlisted on May 28, 1918.—CITRON.

If I could get out now there is a good chance to start a business in my home town, before everybody gets back.—DI GIACOMO.

Before the war I bought a nice job lot of hats, for which there will be a good chance to sell when the boys get back.—MORASCO.

I want to get back on the funny page of the Journal.—GOLDMAN.

I bane vant to go to sea on a ship wot sails.—WESTBERG.

The Erie Railroad is depending on my return.—WOOLLY.

I wish to be discharged because of family troubles. My wife has been working in a munition factory and was discharged last week. If I was home I could be of great help in securing another position for her.—LOEB.

I joined the Navy to keep the Germans away from our shores; my duty is completed.—GRIFFIN.

Please let me be discharged from the Navee as I would be thankfully if I cud finesh my steadies at cullege.—PAT MCKINLEY.

I request to be discharged on the grounds that I have recently been appointed Sanitary Inspector in Jersey City. They need me badly there.—BITTIGHOFER.

I have a wife disponding on me for report.—UPCHURCH, via Sully.

I wish to return to duty in the light-house department as a girl is holding down my job there.—LEVY.

I have two dependents and one of them has lost her job.—SMITH, Pay Office.

My uncle left me some money, which is now in the hands of a lawyer. If I don't get out soon there won't be none.—ENGLAND.

The jewelry business I was in has gone down; if I get out I can get in again.—EPSTEIN.

I would like to be discharged now as I have a large wife and a small family which I must assist in raising.—SEEDORF.



STAFF OF THE MINE BURST AND OFFICERS OF THE MINE SWEEPING DIVISION.

Bottom row, from left to right—T. E. Koke, E. Goldman, H. W. Cohan, E. Jacobs, C. A. Bittighofer. Center row, left to right—In circle, Lieut. J. E. Menander, Lieut. E. A. Skehan, Lieut. C. F. Engman, Lieut. Com. E. V. W. Keen, Lieut. G. F. Klemann, Lieut. H. C. Mahnken. Top row, from left to right—Boat. L. E. Dodd, Ens. J. R. W. Smith, Lieut. J. G. A. Plimpton, Lieut. J. G. Scully, Pay Clerk J. Carton, Paymaster C. A. Buckman, Ens. A. I. Keegan.

I wish to be discharged to get married, which I can't do on my Navy pay.—CAPECI.

I am going to business with my soon Father-in-law, what has a good business when I get married Him's daughter.—ALGIAN.

I am a teacher by profession and would like to get my discharge from the service as I have 60 young girls in a boarding school depending upon me.—EMANUEL D. KING.

I would like to get out now, to keep my father and mother in Italy.—CALIMANO.

I am married and have a lot of trouble and it will be much worse if I don't make more money.—JOHNSON.

I enlisted on August 22nd, 1918, to fight for my country; now the fighting is all done, I want to go back to my old job selling.—GOLDBERG.

I want to be discharged because I enlisted for the war only, and if I have to go to the other side to sweep mines it would not be fair to me to get blown up with the war over.—PAT SMITH.

I wish to be discharged as I am married and it is hard to be in the Navy as such.—UMBACH.

I have corns, and I am not much good on the march.—SCHUMM.

I have a great many despondents.—BERLOW.

I wish to get away from the service, as mother wants me.—DURYEE.

I would like to get out as my wife is in a bad state.—LEEAHY.

I am a sufferer from lumbago, rheumatism, gout, and I have frequent toothaches.—GOLDSTEIN.

I am the only son living with my parents, and I intend to get married so I can look after their interest.—KNAPP.

I enlisted May 6th, 1918, and was called into service August, 1918. So you see my record is clear and my father is sick.—BROSNAN.

I have a wife depending on me solely for support; at present she is patriotically engaged on Government work.—FARWELL.

WRITER'S NOTE.—In addition to the above there are about three hundred crippled fathers, five hundred married men and eleven hundred helpless children and other relatives depending on and awaiting the disbanding of the Mine Sweeping Division.

A Silent Partner.

Ven Gus Peterson hearing about dis har vork or fight order he bane yust sau so scare ha can git.

"Ay lak tu fight," Gus say, "but don't tink Ay can run fast enough to catch up vith dis har Yermany soldier and ven it cum tu vorking Ay ain't can find no yob vot agree vith me."

Annie vay, after ha skal read about the draft Gus ha go down and ask union for ships yard yob and they start hem tu vork. The first day Gus sea a faller vatch hem all day long. He tank dis faller vas secrets goverment service agent so ha skal vork

yust lak a yacks ass. The second day dis same faller follow Gus avery vare ha vent and the three day it vas same ting. Ven ha go back forth day the same man bane there yust the same and Gus ha git mad.

"Vot in hal yu foller me for all the tam," Gus ask hem. "Vot du you vant, annie vay?"

"Don't git fresh," dis faller say, "Ay vas yure helper."

WHO THE SAM HILL SENT THIS!

Why do all the girls smile on Ramsey at the basket-ball games? Why not ask them to dance, Billy?

What brand of peroxide does "Whitey" use? Interested, a young lady.

Did you ever notice how the young ladies string "Spike" McIntyre because they think he looks like a string bean?

Oh, Doc Armstrong, what are your latest steps in dancing, the "Shimee Swabbles"?

Have you ever heard Sullivan say "Minesweeping Base" over the telephone and how soft he says it when he finds it is a young lady's voice?

Why not eat soap, Robillard; it softens the vocal chords.

Did the "flue" have anything to do with the disappearance of your curl, Reese?

Ask Smith why he blushes so wher speaking to the young ladies. Maybe they are more bashful than you are, Smith.

That's all, thank you.

"Mary, has anyone called while I was out?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Bigg was here."

"Mr. Bigg— I don't recall the name."

"No, ma'am. He called to see me."

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS ARE THE HARDEST

BY BRIGGS of the New York Tribune



SMILES

A tourist in the Highlands saw an old Highlander driving a horse which was so poor and thin that it shook as it walked.

"Why don't you put some flesh on your horse?" exclaimed the tourist indignantly.

"More flesh did ye say?" said the Highlander with a look of disgust. "Can't ye see the poor beast can hardly carry what it has?"

"I tell you, sir, the tarring and feathering of that miserable scoundrel was an unpardonable outrage!"

"Why do you speak so warmly?"

"Because I'm a vice-president of the society that firmly opposes the use of feathers for personal adornment!"

Guard.—Halt! Who's there?

Answer.—Go—da—

Guard.—Pass Mr. Menander.

Physician—"From this brief examination I am of the opinion that you are suffering from clergyman's sore throat."

Patient—"The hell you say!"

Physician (hastily)—"But it is quite possible I'm wrong. I will look again."

A Real Help.

Pat—This is the foist time innny of these corporations hev done innnything to binnefit the working man.

Mike—How is that, Pat?

Pat—It's the siven-cint fare. I hev bin walkin' to and from work and savin' tin cints, and now I kin save fourteen cints.

Mrs. Peaseley's young hopeful had carried off the primary prize, and the other mothers were crowding around to congratulate her with the best grace they could summon.

"But don't let it make him conceited, dear," admonished one experienced parent.

"Oh, no, indeed," fluttered Mrs. Peaseley. "I always tell him it's not because he's so bright that he wins, but because the other children are so dull."

After her third day's attendance at school, Pauline was retailing at home stories of her classmates' naughtiness.

"That's bad," commented mamma. "Didn't the teacher have to correct you?"

"No," Pauline assured her. "She had to speak to all the class but me this afternoon."

"That's queer," remarked papa, a bit suspicious. "What did she say?"

"She said," reported Pauline, "Now, children, we will all wait till Pauline is in order!"

The master of the household had ordered that the maid should clean a coat of his with gasoline. The order was not carried out; so he asked his wife:

"Why won't this girl of ours clean my coat with gasoline?"

"Oh," said the wife, "ever since that chauffeur jilted her she hasn't been able to stand the odor of it."

An elderly farmer from the border of the country wandered into a town dry-goods store where a sale in nightshirts was in progress.

Picking up one of the garments, he gingerly loosened its folds, curiously inspecting it.

"Can I sell you a nightshirt?" asked the salesgirl.

"No," said the farmer, his articulation somewhat impeded by a "chew," "you couldn't sell me one, but they do say there's thousands that wear 'em."

A Philadelphian was in New York

for the first time, determined to see the sights and test every novelty, even in the gastronomic line.

The sign "Snail Soup" outside a Broadway restaurant caught his eye; he entered. "What's this snail soup?" he queried. "Have you really got it?"

"Sure." The waitress questioned him with her eyes.

"I'll take a chance on a plate," he ordered.

He ate with gusto—down to the last morsel—and smacked his lips over the new luxury. "Is it really snail soup?" he asked. "Made from snails?"

The waitress nodded. "Didn't you ever eat it before?"

"Never heard of it."

She glanced at him pityingly. "Where are you from, anyway?" she asked, some country village in her mind's eye.

"Philadelphia—the city of brotherly love, Liberty Bell, and John Wanamaker."

"Don't you have snails there?"

"Certainly we do," he replied, reaching for his hat. "We do—but we can't catch them."

An eminent surgeon performed an operation and a medical student at the college asked him:

"What did you operate on that man for?"

Eminent Surgeon—"Five hundred dollars."

Student—"I mean what did he have?"

Eminent Surgeon—"Five hundred dollars."

During a city election in New York a bunch of trained repeaters marched into an East Side polling place.

"What name?" inquired the election clerk of the leader, who was red-haired and freckled and had a black eye.

The voter glanced down at a slip of paper in his hand. "Isidore Mendelheim," he said.

"That's not your real name and you know it!" said a suspicious challenger for a reform ticket.

"It is me name," said the repeater, "an' I'm goin' to vote under it—see?"

From down the line came a voice: "Don't let that guy bluff you, Casey. Soitnly your name is Mendelheim."

A humane society had secured a down-town show-window and filled it with attractive pictures of wild animals in their native haunts. A placard in the middle of the exhibit read:

"We were skinned to provide women with fashionable furs."

A man paused before the window, and his harassed expression for a moment gave place to one of sympathy. "I know just how you feel, old tops," he muttered. "So was I."

It Amused Them.

"Did you take my picture to the exhibition?" the artist asked the porter.

"Yes, sir; it seemed to please the gentlemen very much."

"What did they say?"

"Oh, they didn't say nothink," replied the porter cheerfully, "but they laughed that 'earty!'"

Wealth is variously estimated in different parts of the country. "Bud" Bowers had grown to manhood in one of the most inaccessible communities in southern Missouri. Wearying at last of the monotony of his life, he grew eager to leave the hills. His father, who was a hunter and trapper of much local renown, stoutly opposed him.

"But what chanst has a young fella got to git ahead here, I'd like to know?" gloomily demanded "Bud."

"What chanst?" ejaculated his father. "Why, jest look at me, son. When I fust come here from Kaintucky I didn't have nothin'—not nothin'. And jest look at me now—I got nine dawgs!"

"Say, that lot you sold me is three feet under the water."

"Is it?"

"Yes, it is, and you know it is."

"Well, it's a good thing you told me. I can let you have a bargain in a canoe."

The first German traveling salesman to visit England after the war will feel as glowing and radiant, we imagine, as a dyspeptic floorwalker in an icehouse.

"How is it you couldn't sell that dame a dictionary? Did you tell her the dictionary had 40,000 words?"

"Yes; but she had more words than that, and she used 'em all telling me she didn't want it."

"To make sales you must seize the psychological moment."

"The barber has all the best of it."

"How so?"

"With a man in the chair he has at least fifteen psychological moments to talk up his stuff."

The Blank Depot Brigade of a certain training camp has grumbled continually at the inactivity which has been its lot all winter. Recently an officer from the organization was asked when he expected to go across.

"We aren't going," he answered snappishly. "The Depot Brigade has declared a separate peace."

It happened in a training camp, where the new soldiers were being arranged in squads as quickly as possible. O'Hara, a little Irishman with an anxious eye, was discovered by the Commanding Officer walking aimlessly along the rear of the company.

C. O.—O'Hara, get in your squad immediately.

O'Hara—Yes, sir.

The minutes passed and O'Hara was still out of ranks.

C. O.—O'Hara, didn't I tell you to find your squad? What squad are you in, anyway?

O'Hara (saluting)—Sor, there are twenty-three squads in the company, and Oi've been in every d—d one of them.

A bugler moved into a tent at Fort Sill, where lived a man who found it hard to arise in time for reveille. The bugler apologized for his alarm clock which he explained he needed to awaken him in time to play "I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up!"

"Oh, that's all right," answered the sleepy one, "we had three alarm clocks at home and I never heard any of 'em."

An extremely wealthy man has occasion frequently to make use of taxis, and he always gives the chauffeurs the legal fare and no more.

Once when he handed the man the fare, the latter looked it over and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but your son always gives me twice as much as this."

"I don't doubt it," growled the old man; "he has a rich father."

Boy-Ed has been telling the Austrians that the war is not popular in America. No wonder the Austrians are starving if that's the kind of stuff they're being fed on.

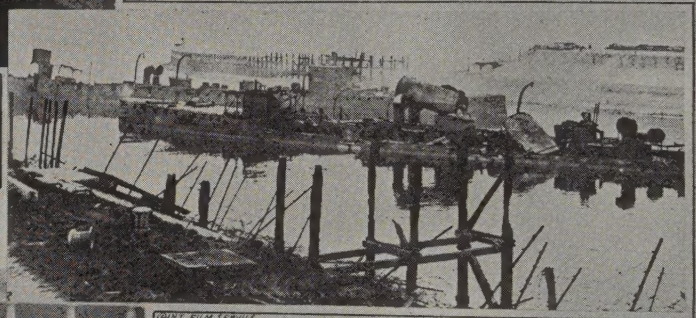
THE CAMERA'S EYE



AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN LONDON CELEBRATE VICTORY



VICTORY DAY PARADE IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



HOW THE BRITISH BOTTLED UP ZEEBRUGGE



NAVY SECTION AT HARVARD STADIUM- FOOTBALL GAME- HARVARD RADIO VS CAMP DEVENS



CLEARING UP MINES OFF THE BELGIAN COAST



VETERANS OF CHATEAU-THIERRY HAVE THEIR OWN CLUB HOUSE IN NEW YORK



VICTORY PARADE IN BROOKLYN, N.Y.

THE MINE BURST

A Journal for the Mine Sweeper

Published Semi-Monthly

By

The Mine Sweeping Division, U. S. N.,
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W. H. Hepinstall, Jr.Sporting Editor

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OUR GREATEST THANKSGIVING.

By Charles A. Bittighofer.

During the past week the American people celebrated the time-honored national festival of Thanksgiving Day. With what emotion of exultant joy and profound gratitude the whole country enters this year upon the celebration of the happy festival there is no need to expatiate. In his Thanksgiving proclamation, the President of the United States, a past master in the art of graceful expression, reverently voices the sentiment of a God-fearing people when he says:

"God has in His good pleasure given us peace. It has not come as a mere cessation of arms, a relief from the strain and tragedy of war. It has come as a great triumph of Right. Complete victory has brought us, not peace alone, but the confident promise of a new day as well, in which justice shall replace force and jealous intrigue among the nations. Our gallant armies have participated in a triumph which is not marred or stained by any purpose of selfish aggression."

Then lest we be carried away by the success that has blessed our cause and our arms, lest we attribute too much to human effort and forget that "unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain who keepeth watch over it," the President of the United States urges on people these sobering reflections.

"While we render thanks for these things, let us not forget to seek the Divine guidance in the performance of those duties, and Divine mercy and forgiveness for all errors of act or purpose, and pray that in all we do shall strengthen the ties of friendship and mutual respect upon which we must assist to build the new structure of peace and good will among the nations."

Sublime sentiments these and eminently worthy of the strong man who has steered the bark of State through the stormy waters of these terrible years into the

happy harbor of victory and peace. Undoubtedly, the past Thanksgiving was and will always be considered the greatest Thanksgiving Day in the history of nations, and the hearts of our countrymen must swell with pride and joy at the splendid part young America has borne in the memorable world war. Even in those homes where gold stars emblazon the service flag, the pangs of loneliness and sorrow for the boys who will never return must be tempered and transfigured by the glory streaming from that sacred banner of which we can still proudly sing, "The old flag never struck the ground, boys." Amid the general rejoicing, let not those be forgotten who, as some one beautifully said, "Gave their today for your tomorrow."



ENSIGN G. M. McKAY.

RESCUE PARTY AT SOUTH AMBOY, N. J.

As Told by Ensign G. M. McKay, Who Was in Charge of Said Party.

In charge of twenty-five men I left this base at 12.15 a. m., October 5, 1918, on board the U. S. S. Joyance, and arrived at the coal docks, South Amboy, N. J., at 2.30 a. m. Disembarked and marched up to the City Hall and reported to his honor, Mayor Kerr, at 3 a. m. We were informed that conditions were such that it would be impossible to approach the ammunition plant or work near it. We were requested to police town and instruct all people to leave houses, keep off sidewalks and walk in the middle of the street, as windows, doors, chimneys and roofs were crashing in all directions. Mayor Kerr requested Dr. Hanson to take immediate charge of all medical aid, which was promptly done.

The fire up to 3 a. m. was moderate. About 3.30 a. m. the explosions increased in violence until the inhabitants of the town became panic-stricken. The population is approximately 12,000. They all wanted to leave town at once. The surface cars at that hour of the morning and the railroad had been abandoned, and telephone communication was cut off about 4.30 a. m. All automobiles were pressed into service to convey these people from South Amboy to Perth Amboy, women and children being considered first. This work continued all day, and by noon 90 per cent. of the population were out of town. The remaining 10 per cent. were taken out of outlying buildings by dark.

A careful lookout was kept for fire in the buildings throughout the city. About 4.30 a. m. a fire broke out in a grocery store, near the ammunition plant, caused by a box of matches falling from a shelf, due to the concussion of the explosion. This fire was immediately under control and extinguished by the local fire department, and a sentry was placed in front of the building as a precaution.

The S. P. 498 and the S. P. 666 arrived at 7.30 a. m., with a total of 125 men in command of Chief Boatswain Moran and Boatswain Rowe, with arms and ammunition. The ammunition was left aboard ship, but later removed to the Navy Headquarters, which had been established at the local fire house. The men immediately disembarked

and reported to the Naval Headquarters. These men were immediately armed with belts and bayonets and detailed as sentries throughout the town to protect life and property. There being no windows or doors left, it was necessary that a sharp lookout be kept on household goods, personal property and merchandise, to prevent any attempt of looting. Valuable aid for the transferring of refugees was rendered by the Women's Motor Corps, who came from all parts of Staten Island and New York. The relief afforded by the American Red Cross cannot be praised highly enough.

A mess hall for the naval contingent was established in a restaurant, known as the New Jersey Lunch Room, with the consent of the proprietor and by my direction. Inventory was taken, and Grady, A. A. (C. C. S.) placed in charge. Some food consisting of one hindquarter of beef, two strips of bacon and one case of eggs was contributed as refreshment for our men by the Du Pont Powder Company, which adjoins the Gillespie plant.

About 8 a. m. I deemed it advisable to have all electric current, both for the surface cars and lighting purposes, shut off, the reason being that every time an explosion took place the wires would shake and snap and seemed about to fall upon the people, who were ordered to walk in the streets and keep off the sidewalk. Freight cars, loaded with ammunition, were moved as soon as possible away from the town, one freight car being pushed by hand.

The guard in charge of Chief Boatswain Moran was relieved at intervals for the purpose of resting and eating. About 9 a. m. two temporary telephones were installed for military purposes. About noon the explosions eased up considerably, and by 3 p. m. the intervals between the explosions were much longer. The wind blew steadily in a southerly direction, and gradually the fire died down, thereby missing three monster ammunition magazines, which we were expecting to explode. Had these three magazines exploded, it would have demolished property for miles around, and in all probability there would have been a great loss of life. As the explosions slackened, our men approached the ruins of the pow-

(Continued on page 20.)

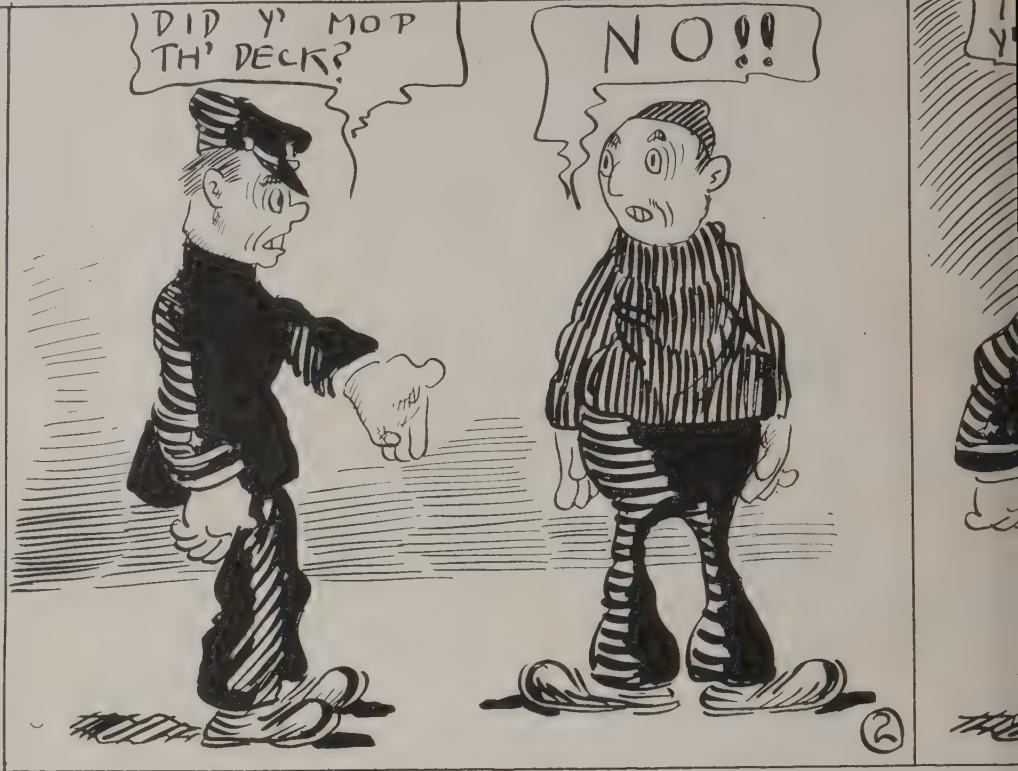
KINNEY B. ASALOR

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SOME OF US WONT LOSE OUR
HABITS WHEN WE'RE DISCHARGED
FROM SERVICE!!

By Goldman



AT THE THEATRES AND MOVIES

By C. A. BITTIGHOFER.

"The Girl Behind the Gun."

"The Girl Behind the Gun," Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger's new musical comedy, their first offering of the new theatrical season, is now being presented with great success at the New Amsterdam Theatre, Forty-second street, west of Broadway, and the general verdict of most of the leading New York critics is that it is one of the cleverest and most delightful musical comedies that has been presented for many seasons in New York City. From the rise of the curtain to the final number there is not a dull moment in the entire play and the audience thoroughly enjoyed the performance by the manner in which they showed their appreciation by their generous applause, as most of the artists were compelled to give several encores, which they gladly responded to. The book of the production was written by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. The music by Ivan Caryll. The cast is composed of some of the cleverest singers and dancers now appearing before the public. Miss Ada Meade, the American beauty and charming leading woman of the production, gave an artistic and ideal interpretation of the role of Georgette Breval, and by her wonderful personality and charming manner seemed to have simply hypnotized the capacity audience by her artistic work and magnetism. Miss Ada Meade was given excellent support by Donald Brian, who ably assisted Miss Meade in several clever dancing numbers. John E. Hazzard as Pierre Breval was at all times very amusing and entertaining. Frank Doane as Colonel Servan also came in for his share of well earned applause. The principal musical hits of the piece are: "True to Me," "Happy Family," "Some Day Waiting Will End," "I Like It," "How Warm It Is Today," "The Girl Behind the Gun," "Women Haven't Any Mercy on a Man," "Flags of Allies," "Back to the Dear Old Trenches" and "There's Light in Your Eyes." The dramatic editor of this little magazine strongly advises the boys in the service who desire to see one of the best, if not the very best, musical comedy, to be sure to see "The Girl Behind the Gun."

NOT WITH MY MONEY.

"Not With My Money," an exceedingly amusing farce in four acts, written by Edward Clarke, the author of "De Luxe Annie" and other dramatic successes, is now being played with great success at the 39th Street Theatre, with Lowell Sherman as its star. Mr. Clarke has gained a considerable reputation as an originator of surprises in the drama, and in his latest effort, "Not With My Money," he has again strongly demonstrated his ability as a dramatist who can always be depended upon to insert a "big punch" at the right time. The cast could not have been improved upon. Lowell Sherman, who by his clever and artistic past performances, has always demonstrated that he is one of the cleverest and most talented leading men on the stage today, was superb, and as "Dicky" Foster, alias J. Robert Fulton, gave an intelligent and artistic interpretation of a long and difficult role. The plot is as follows: "Dicky" Foster, alias J. Robert Fulton, a resourceful young confidence man, finds himself very much up against it. The manager of his hotel has called upon him and requested settlement of a \$135 board bill. Dickey is at his wits' end, but relief comes when his former confederate enters upon the scene, as the Rev. Dr. Crane, a sanctimonious looking old codger, in clerical garb, and says he will be responsible for the

amount. This naturally satisfies the hotel official. Big money is in sight when Foster answers an advertisement to manage a \$7,000,000 charitable foundation fund, and is appointed general manager with power of attorney, by the youthful heiress whom he assures, that his business hereafter is to use the money "where and how it will do the most good." A former victim, who has been eased of a trifling \$33,000, makes an early appearance, and wants her money back. She does not get it then, but goes away minus another \$300. Having obtained the position, Foster makes a feeble attempt to go straight, but he and the nimble-fingered Rev. Doctor are soon juggling the funds. The play has the usual happy ending and all ends well.

\$62,163.93 Collected for United War Fund Campaign in Shubert Theatres.

The Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert announce that the grand total of \$62,163.93 was taken in in their theatres for the United War Fund drive. The totals in New York were \$35,755.70 and out of town \$26,413.23. No drives were held in Buffalo, Cleveland, Syracuse, Wilkes-Barre or Philadelphia owing to the plan of the War Chest which is in force in those cities. In the Shubert theatres in New York the amounts taken in were as follows: Winter Garden, \$5,519.43; Central Theatre, \$2,032.94; Astor, \$1,387.16; Bijou, \$2,095.79; Booth, \$3,920.65; Broadhurst, \$1,770.85; Shubert (only one collection, house dark last week), \$200; Forty-fourth Street Theatre, \$504.59; Forty-fourth Street Roof (one collection, house dark last week), \$37; Lyric Theatre, \$4,533.40; Comedy, \$1,924.91; Thirty-ninth Street, \$924.42; Maxine Elliott, \$3,000; Casino, \$6,598; Shubert-Riviera, \$1,306.56. In the outside towns the following amounts were collected: Garrick Theatre, Chicago, \$994.20; Princess Theatre, Chicago, \$390.43; Studebaker Theatre, Chicago, \$1,192.19; Shubert Theatre, New Haven, \$950; Majestic, Boston, \$2,068; Shubert, Boston, \$2,336; Plymouth, Boston, \$2,586.05; Wilbur, Boston, \$1,626; Shubert-Majestic, Providence, \$4,300; Belasco, Washington, \$3,945.36; Poli's Theatre, Washington, \$2,900, and Alvin Theatre, Pittsburgh, \$3,125.

"Nothing but Lies."

"Nothing but Lies," now being played with great success at the Longacre Theatre, Forty-eighth street, west of Broadway. The piece was written by Aaron Hoffman, who has supplied William Collier with a vehicle which he describes on the program as a "Collierism," a sort of sequel to "Nothing but the Truth," but with a surprise finish for the second and third acts that lifts a peg higher than previous Collierisms. William Collier plays the part of George Washington Cross, the junior partner of the firm of Nigh & Cross, advertising agents. He is an unconscionable liar, and is engaged to marry his partner's daughter. His prospective brother-in-law is a youth with a burning desire to purify the world at any cost, and privately publishes a booklet of the Jim Jam Jems order, the initial issue of which exposes the workings of his father's business, condemning them for misrepresenting the value of various commodities whose advertising accounts they handle. It is a scurrilous publication, and a postoffice detective seeks the culprit, which means imprisonment in the Federal penitentiary. His sweetheart declares he must give up lying, or she will break off their engagement. Almost immediately the imprisonment for her brother situation arises, and Collier is compelled to lie to shield the misguided youth. Any further resume of the plot would tell the

surprises of the curtains. Anderson & Weber, the producers, have surrounded the star with a brilliant and undoubtedly costly supporting company of players, and their selections, without exception, are excellent. The play, from beginning to end, is indeed very interesting, and is well worth going to see. In these troublous times, when we are surfeited with war and spy plays, "Nothing but Lies" is a welcome relief, and one is certain to spend an enjoyable evening laughing at the farcical nonsensicalities of Collier and his capable support.

The Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert announce that the new extravaganza to be produced at the Winter Garden some time around the New Year will be entitled "Monte Cristo, Jr.," the same being a travesty on Alexander Dumas' famous romance. This new extravaganza will be the twenty-fifth to be made at the Winter Garden since its opening on March 20, 1911, and will be produced under the personal direction of Mr. J. J. Shubert. "Monte Cristo, Jr." will shortly go into rehearsal, and will follow the engagement of Al Jolson in the Arabian Nights travesty, "Sinbad." The principals to appear in this new travesty will be announced later. In this entertainment, however, Miss Jessie Reed, one of the most bewitching beauties yet seen at the Winter Garden, will be provided with an important role. Miss Reed was seen for the first time at the Winter Garden in "The Passing Show of 1916," and her advancement carries out the custom of the Messrs. Shubert to give opportunities to those young girls who manifest unusual talent in the Winter Garden organization.

Victor Mapes, who is a co-author of the Messrs. Shubert's new melodrama, "The Long Dash," now being produced with great success at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, which he also staged, announced that since producing this play, the plot of which centers about the invention of a wireless gun, plans have been filed in Washington by a well-known inventor which describes an invention similar to the one used in the Shuberts' production of "The Long Dash."

Walter Hast, the London producer, and J. H. Barnes, the eminent English actor, are both in New York city preparing the American production of "Betty at Bay," which proved to be a great English success. Mr. Barnes played a leading part in the London version, and has been engaged by the Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert, who are producing the play there, to enact the same role in their Broadway production, which is scheduled for the very near future.

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Robert B. Mantell.

Robert B. Mantell is continuing his annual custom of presenting the classics for a short engagement at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, New York city. He inaugurated his present engagement with a splendid production of "Richelieu." Heretofore, Mr. Mantell's habit has been to state the number of performances each play will be given, but not in the case of the Bulwer Lytton drama. We gather the inference that he has hopes for this play in his repertoire, which includes mostly Shakespeare. No doubt Mr. Mantell believes the interest now focussed on France will react in a widespread desire to see a celebrated drama set in a time famous in her past history. "Richelieu," with all its theatricalisms and artificiality, has an acknowledged place in what is called the literary theatre. The story of "Richelieu" is interesting, contains some romance and is excellent of dialogue. Mr. Mantell has played this role for over the thousandth time, and gives his customary highly effective performance. He impersonates the crafty cardinal, "the poor old man," as he pleases to call himself, who is strong in mind but failing in body, with careful delineation and delightfully subtle touches. He evolves a whimsical, warm-blooded and frequently poetic figure out of the revengeful and ambitious prelate. Chief in Mr. Mantell's support are Fritz Leiber and Genevieve Hamper, both of whom have been in Mr. Mantell's company for many years past, and both played very sincerely, and the performance throughout was praiseworthy and reflected a considerable amount of credit to all concerned. This attraction is drawing capacity houses, and the audiences are showing their appreciation by their generous applause and large numbers.

"Little Simplicity."

The Messrs. Shubert have again produced a wonderful musical production which is bound, on account of its merit, to duplicate the wonderful success of "Maytime." The new hit is in three acts. Book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young and music by Augustus Barratt. The theatrical possibilities of the Y. M. C. A., as it is associated in the war, have been appreciated by Rida Johnson Young, and she has made excellent use of it in a very charming and delightful manner. Of all the musical productions staged in New York city this season, "Little Simplicity" can justly be classified as the cleverest and most entertaining musical comedy that has so far been staged this season. From the rise of the curtain until the final number, there is not a dull moment, and the musical numbers are far above the average. There is a measure of novelty in this musical play—a fact which calls for a great amount of praise. Any piece which starts its line of action in Algeria in 1912, journeys on to the Latin Quarter of Paris, and depends for its finale upon the war, should furnish quite a bit of surprise. And so "Little Simplicity" is indeed very meritorious from such a standpoint. The theme carefully lives up to its title, being a simplicity itself, and concerns the familiar love of a man for a maid—a theme, incidentally, which takes three acts to tell. The curtain arises on a harem scene in all its gayety and color. There are dancing girls and barbaric minor tones which furnish the motif for the evolution of the play. The second act reveals the company in Paris, and the usual masked ball furnishes the aroma. And then a lapse of five years occurs before the concluding and novel act. The cast, attired in knaki, is decidedly in the picture before the green hut of the Y. M. C. A. There it is that Little Simplicity, who was once an Algerian flower girl, effects a reconciliation with the American lover. It

is she and many others like her, though they cannot all be prima donnas, who entertain the soldiers. Carolyn Thompson was an ingratiating Little Simplicity, singing charmingly and playing with a rare daintiness. Marjorie Gate-son, as a cafe girl, brought a snap and zest to her part that won for her a special triumph. The Cameron Sisters, in the language of Broadway, stopped the show in dances as alluring as they were rhythmic. Charles Brown did a comedy part very well. To miss "Little Simplicity" is to miss one of the most charming musical comedies produced in many years.

Conversation overheard on the Staten Island ferryboat, Saturday morning, November 30:

"I am a yeoman in Lieutenant-Commander Davis' office, Salvage Depot, Stapleton, S. I."

"Among the many requests for relief from the naval reserve service appeared the following: When I offered my services at the breaking out of the war, I was imbued with spirits of patriotism, and felt compelled to offer my services to my country."

WHEN FRIENDLY ENEMIES PUT UP A CHIN BARRAGE.

In "Friendly Enemies," the popular loyalty comedy at the Hudson Theatre, are two Germans, one friendly to Germany, one to America, but each a close friend of the other. Karl Pfeiffer (Louis Mann) still clings to his German traditions, while Henry Block (Sam Bernard) is a loyal citizen. Eventually, as the interesting plot unwinds, Karl also turns against Germany and becomes loyal, but meanwhile, as in the following scenes, they have many arguments.

Block is about to call on Karl, and June and Mrs. Pfeiffer would like to (Continued on page 20.)

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BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE WELFARE NOTES.

There are now ten Christian Science chaplains with the American forces, one assigned to naval duty from a base in Scotland, five with the American army in France and four stationed in this country, two of whom are under orders for overseas army service. Capt. Paul H. Moody, a member of the Overseas Chaplain Board, said, in speaking of the Christian Science chaplains, "They are fine men who have done splendid work."

The Christian Science War Relief Committee is maintaining relief centers in France at Paris, Brest, Tours, St. Nasaire, Bordeaux and Langres, through which hundreds of thousands of garments have been furnished to the French refugees. The garments are being forwarded to France by the 975 branches of the Christian Science Comforts Forwarding Committee in this country. In addition, \$1,275,560 has been disbursed to date by committees of Christian Scientists in Great Britain and Ireland, France, Switzerland, Holland, Italy, Belgium, Armenia, Syria, Poland, Rumania and Serbia in meeting individual cases of need. This money has been raised among Christian Scientists through voluntary subscriptions, no appeal having been made for public contributions.

During the ten months from December 1, 1917, to October 1, 1918, a total of 113,079 knitted goods were given to men in service. These goods included sweaters, helmets, scarfs, socks and other articles of comfort and were greatly appreciated by the men who received them.

Christian Science welfare houses or welfare rooms have been opened in many of the communities where sailors or soldiers are located. Many letters have been received from men in the service expressing their gratitude for the help given them by Christian Science welfare workers.

It may also be of interest to know that in the Fourth Liberty Loan the Christian Science churches of New York City sold, through their Liberty Loan committees, a total of \$1,087,000

in Liberty Bonds. This was over 10 per cent. of the total amount of bonds sold by all the religious organizations of New York City.

BARRACK NEWS DISCOVERED BY "WOLF," OUR REPORTER.

Bob Vandenberg, our compartment foreman, received a letter from his brother, who has been on the firing line since the game started, and we deduce from the cheery and continuous smile on Bob's face that his brother must have been extremely lucky. Well, we hope so, Bob, but look out, as you might be a brother-in-law now.

Ben Goldberg, alias "Ostrich Feather," is suffering from lumbago and rheumatics, but one wouldn't think so if they saw him destroy the chow at mess.

K. O. Schuster, P. O. of the guard, was married a short time ago. He claims it was to the sweetest little gal in all the world. Well, he hope so, K. O., so here's luck.

Our reporter was talking to the Imperial Guards of the third relief, and from what he learned those boys have applications filed for a job after the war as bodyguards for some "royal monarch."

There were several "ally-ducey" experts in the barracks and if they received a "jitney" for every game they played they have more coin than our barber or tailor ever saw, and that's going some.

The first petty officer of the U. S. S. Luna strolled up to the barracks the other day and reported that his speed vessel was still able to stand the roughness of old man Neptune.

Our ever ready quartermaster is still mystified as to how he can obtain his release. Well, Wolf, old boy, we wish you luck.

English Sailor—I say, old top, isn't it queer that every time one talks to an American if 'e asks 'im a question 'e get answered with a question?
Yankee Gobb—Yea! Is that so?

She—Yes, Jack, all the girls are marrying sailors now; it seems to be the fad.

Gobb—Well, we'll get married "then," sweetheart.

She—But, Jack, when is then?

Gobb—Oh! Just before after.

She—Why, Jack, I always thought that "then" was up until now.

Gobb—Hey! Preacher.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder where you are,
So I'll say bye, bye and Ha! Ha! Ha!

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Saturdays and Sundays from 2 till 12 P. M.

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Terrace Garden

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MINE BURST ADVERTISING PAYS

Sports

By HEP



BASKETBALL TEAM OF THE MINE SWEEPING DIVISION.

When not engaged in sweeping the high seas clear of enemy mines, these boys turn their "sweeping" ability to the basketball field and clean up there. In the short run of the basketball tournament that is being held for the benefit of the United War Work Campaign, the basketball team of the Mine Sweeping Division has already beaten the Federal Rendezvous by the score of 37 to 27 and Pelham Bay by the score of 32 to 25.

From left to right, top row: W. Hepinstall, H. Riconda, M. Shannon, R. Marquard, H. Schwartzje, B. Grimes, M. Driscoll. Sitting, middle row: Lieut. G. F. Klemann, Lieut. J. Menander, Ensign J. R. E. Smith, C. Gross. Bottom row: J. Dreyfus.

NAVAL BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT FOR U. W. FUND.

Sweepers Win First Game of Tournament at the 69th Regiment Armory.

On Tuesday evening, November 12, at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, the Sweepers led by Captain Joe Dreyfuss won the opening game of the series by defeating our brother sailors from the Federal Rendezvous by a score of 37 to 27. The game was a nip-and-tuck affair and the lead

changed hands often during the game, the Federal boys leading in the first half by the score of 18 to 16. The Sweepers started with a rush in the second half and soon attained a safe lead, which they held to the finish. Both teams played a fine brand of basketball, which kept the fans on their feet from start to finish. Line up:

MINE SWEEPERS.			
	Field goals.	Foul goals.	Total points.
Shannon, I. f.....	2	0	4
Riconda, r. f.....	3	2	8
Schwartzje, c.....	3	1	7
Hepinstall, r. g.....	1	5	7
Dreyfuss, l. g.....	2	7	11
			87

FEDERAL RENDEZVOUS.

	Field goals.	Foul goals.	Total points.
Olsen, I. f.....	2	0	4
Holman, r. f.....	1	6	8
De Mars, c.....	3	2	8
Bralower, r. g.....	1	1	3
Bergkamp, l. g.....	1	2	4
			27

Umpire—Mr. Frank Hill.
Timekeeper—Mr. Walsh.

BUY W. S. S.

Sweepers Score Their Second Victory of the Naval Basketball Tournament.

The Sweepers proved their ability to sweep up everything in sight on land or sea by defeating the Pelham Naval Reserves at the Thirteenth Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, by the close score of 32 to 25. This game was hard fought from start to finish, the Sweepers leading in the first half by a margin of three points—17 to 14. They held their slight lead during the second half and emerged victors. The final score was 32 to 25. Riconda and Dreyfuss starred for the Sweepers and Stapleton and Bruckner did the greater part of the scoring for Pelham. Line up:

MINE SWEEPERS.			
	Field goals.	Foul goals.	Total points.
Shannon, r. f.....	1	1	3
Riconda, l. f.....	3	3	9
Schwartzje, c.....	2	2	6
Hepinstall, r. g.....	0	0	0
Dreyfuss, l. g.....	3	8	14
			32

PELHAM NAVAL RESERVES.			
	Field goals.	Foul goals.	Total points.
Stapleton, r. f.....	1	3	5
Leinberg, l. f.....	0	1	1
Mooney, c.....	0	1	1
Waite, r. g.....	2	1	5
Bruckner, l. g.....	4	5	13
			25

Referee—Mr. Wetzel.
Timekeeper—Mr. Walsh.

The Mine Sweepers Again Defeat Pier 72 Supply Depot, U. S. N.

Sweepers led by Joe Dreyfuss continued their winning streak by defeating Pier 72 in an exciting game at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory. Pier 72, reinforced by three new players, sprang a surprise by holding the Sweepers to the close score of 39 to 30. Playing of the Sweepers was indifferent at times, and their shooting was very poor. Pier 72 led at half time by the score of 15 to 12. The Sweepers fought a hard uphill battle in the sec-

ond half and ended up with a rush, overcoming the lead of their opponents and winning by the score of 39 to 30. Final score:

MINE SWEEPERS.			
	Field goals.	Foul goals.	Total points.
Shannon, r. f.....	5	1	11
Riconda, l. f.....	0	4	4
Schwartzje, c.....	1	2	4
Hepinstall, r. f.....	3	3	9
Dreyfuss, l. g.....	4	3	11
			39

PIER 72.			
	Field goals.	Foul goals.	Total points.
Smith, r. f.....	3	1	7
Law, l. f.....	4	3	11
Noian, c.....	1	0	2
Shilling, r. g.....	2	2	6
Jacobs, l. g.....	1	2	4
			30

Referee—Mr. Wallim.
Timekeeper—Mr. Walsh.

The Mine Sweepers held their lead in the championship tournament for the United War Work Fund at the Thirteenth Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, by beating a fast team representing the Armed Guard, U. S. N., in a fast and interesting game by a score of 35 to 27. Although the Armed Guard put up a stiff battle the Sweepers were always able to hold a safe lead. The feature of the game was the playing of Joe Dreyfuss, former Penn State League star and captain of the Sweepers, himself scoring nine field goals and one foul goal. Line up:

MINE SWEEPERS.			
	Field goals.	Foul goals.	Total points.
Shannon, r. f.....	2	3	7
Riconda, l. f.....	2	2	6
Schwartzje, c.....	0	0	0
Hepinstall, r. g.....	1	1	3
Dreyfuss, l. g.....	9	1	19
			35

ARMED GUARD, U. S. N.			
	Field goals.	Foul goals.	Total points.
Van Zandt, c.....	3	1	7
March, l. f.....	3	4	10
Lewis, c.....	3	3	9
Clark, r. g.....	0	0	0
Seaman, l. g.....	0	1	1
			27

Umpire for the game, Mr. O'Brien, the well-known basketball referee.

In the second game the U. S. S. Granite State defeated a fast team representing Pelham Bay T. S. by the close score of 30 to 26. The playing of Garry Schmelke, captain of the Granite State team, was the feature.

Standing of the Teams in the Naval Championship Tournament.

Team.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Mine Sweepers	4	0	1000
U. S. S. Granite State...	4	0	1000
Pelham Bay	2	2	500
Federal Red	2	2	500
Pier 72	0	4	000
Armed Guard	0	4	000

Remaining games—November 27, 1918, Federal Rendezvous vs. Pelham Bay, Armed Guard vs. Pier 72. November 30, 1918, Mine Sweepers vs. U. S. S. Grantie State (at the Fourteenth Regiment Armory, Brooklyn).

Sweepers Score Easy Victory Over U. S. S. Adams at the S. I. Academy.

The Sweepers returned to their home court last Thursday evening and trounced the team of the U. S. S. Adams by the overwhelming score of 49 to 25. Riconda starred for the Sweepers, scoring ten field goals. The Adams team seemed to lack practice and played rather poorly throughout the game. Line up:

MINE SWEEPERS.			
	Field goals.	Foul goals.	Total points.
Shannon, r. f.....	4	0	8
Riconda, l. f.....	10	0	20
Schwartzje, c.....	3	1	7
Hepinstall, r. f.....	2	0	4
Dreyfuss, l. g.....	3	4	10
			49

BUY W. S. S.

**A Merry Christmas and
A Happy New Year**

to the Boys of the

Mine Sweeping Divisions

U. S. S. ADAMS.			
	Field goals.	Foul goals.	Total points.
Rafferty r. f.....	5	0	10
Chase, l. f.....	2	1	5
Gannon, c.	2	0	4
Heems, r. g.....	0	0	0
Kelly, l. g.....	3	0	6
			25

Referee—Mr. Crabtree.
Timekeeper—C. Gross.

BRIEF BIFFS.

Four straight!
What more do you want for a quarter?
Two games, a dance and a fight!
We sure are living up to our rep.
Oh, how we love those Pelham boys!
Biff, Bang, Bang! Next Sat'day night.
At the 14th Regiment Armory.
When Capt. Joe Garry.
Of the Granite State meet.
All on deck, boys!
Watch the boys get their Wrist
Watches!
Riconda's nose is again resuming its
natural shape!
(Some nose, we say.)
Big Hern, our centre, is back on the
job, selling Brooklyn real estate.
(Some Lots!)



LIEUTENANT FROST,
Aide to the Admiral.

Charley Gross, the Nyack pugilist, is
sporting a bruised eye, obtained at
the 13th Regt. Armory.
(All through Sam.)



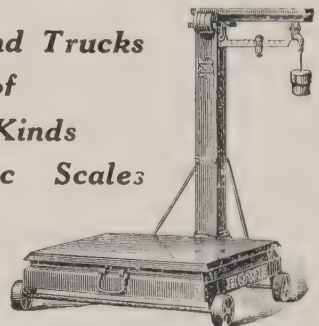
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night, brush the
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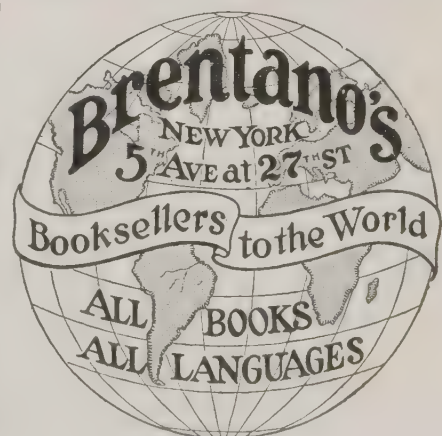
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WASHDAY.

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(Continued from page 11.)

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The East India
Tea Company
STATEN ISLAND

der works. The charred body of a man was found by Allen Brady, G. M. 2. This body was delivered to the Morgue at Perth Amboy. No other bodies were found by our people.

At 4.15 p. m. the S. P. 1247 and the S. P. 498 arrived with 100 tents, 250 cots and a quantity of supplies, and seventy five men in charge of Ensign Keating. Tents were immediately pitched and a camp established under the direction of Ensign Keating.

At 4.30 p. m. Major Dawley of the New Jersey State Militia reported to me that two regiments of National Guardsmen were on the way and would relieve us upon their arrival. When darkness approached lanterns were used for lighting purposes, as it was not advisable to turn on the electric current again, as there was a possible chance of a fire due to broken wires.

There were cases of men coming back to town requesting permission to enter their homes for clothing and other necessities. Permission was given whenever proper and a sentry accompanied each one when it was found necessary.

Major Dawley reported at Naval Headquarters at 7 p. m., with several hundred National Guardsmen, and said he was ready to relieve our party of 250 men. He then relieved the naval sentries with National Guardsmen.

The naval forces were officially relieved at 8.10 p. m. Camp was then broken, tents, cots and supplies were placed aboard trucks and hauled to the docks and our forces left headquarters. The conditions in the town at this time were very good. At 9.15 p. m. we marched to the dock, where the supplies were put aboard our boats and a general muster of our men was held in which all were found present and accounted for. Started to embark at 10 p. m. on the S. P. 666, S. P. 72, S. P. 498 and the S. P. 1247, and left for Base 6 at 10.30 p. m. Arrived at Base 6 in the following order: S. P. 666 at 11.45 p. m.; S. P. 72 at 11.50 p. m.; S. P. 498 at 12 midnight, and the S. P. 1247 at 12.15 a. m. The men disembarked and all supplies were completely removed from these vessels at 1 a. m. and the men were dismissed.

I report no casualties in our forces, and only one man sick. I take great pleasure in reporting to you that the conduct of the men while on this duty was excellent.

(Continued from page 15.)

have the usual argument omitted this time.

June—Now promise me, dear, that you won't talk about the war again.

Pfeiffer—Not talk about the war? You want me to sit here deaf and dumb?

June—Well, you know father; every time you talk about the war it ends up in a row.

Pfeiffer—Is that my fault if he doesn't want to agree with me?

(Block is heard in the hall, singing "Over There." He enters.)

Block—Unie, Unie, Unie! Hello, Marie! Hello, Charley!

Pfeiffer (who has been getting the German paper ready for him)—Don't call me Charley. My name is Karl; you know it. Karl is a good German name, and don't you translate me, Heinrich.

Block—Don't you call me Heinrich—Henry! Henry is a good American name, and don't you transpose me—you hear me, Charley!

Pfeiffer (to June)—You hear how he contradicts me? (To Block.) Karl—born Karl—live Karl—and die Karl; and don't you forget it, Heinrich.

Block—Born Heinrich — chucked Heinrich—die Henry! Remember that, Charley.

Mrs. Pfeiffer—Papa, sit down.

Pfeiffer—How can I sit down when he Charley's me right to my face!

Block—My name is Henry, and I won't have him German it up for me.

Mrs. Pfeiffer—Karl—shame. He's your guest.

Pfeiffer—That's right. You're my guest—excuse me. Whatever I call you in this house, you won't hear it.

Block (shakes his hand)—When you make a mistake, it's natural.

Pfeiffer (pats him on the back)—He's a good fellow. Come on, I got something to show you—nice! (Takes him over to the table—shows paper.) You see, the Italians repulsed.

Block—Lies! You see. (Shows him Evening Journal.) A thousand Italians took fourteen hundred Germans and eighty machine guns.

Pfeiffer—Lies! Ten million Italians couldn't take four Germans.

Block—I show you. (Spreads his Evening Journal out on top of the German Herald.) London states Paris announces—

Pfeiffer—Never mind what London states and Paris announces—(Sweeps his paper off the table.) Berlin denies.

Block—That's right, Berlin always denies. (Picking up his paper.) There ain't a country in the world that has got so much to deny. (Sweeps Pfeiffer's German paper to the floor.)

Pfeiffer—Oh, you see, you vandal, as soon as you see the truth you want to knock it down, but truth crushed to the floor will come up again. (Picking up his paper.)

Block—Truth! The truth ain't been printed in German since August 4, 1914. The day they ran into Belgium they ran out of truth.

Pfeiffer—That's enough now. You always bring up Belgium. I already explained to you about Belgium; for three years I explain that I tell you once for all, don't you ever bring it up in this house.

Block—I'll bring it up as long as they remain in Belgium.

Pfeiffer—Then you won't remain in this house. I want you to remember that I'm a gentleman, and I'm going to make you behave like a gentleman if I have to slap you on the nose. (The two men are trying to get at each other. The two women try to pacify them and finally succeed. Each woman tells them to apologize.)

Block—I won't apologize. I apologized yesterday.

Pfeiffer—All right, it's my turn. I was too hasty. I said you was going to behave like a gentleman. I apologize.

Block—All right, Karl.

Pfeiffer—For once he called me by my right name—Karl. He has given me the right to self-determination, the first condition of peace. (They shake hands.) Have a cigar. (Gets a jar of stogies and offers him one.)

Block (looking at the stogies Pfeiffer has given him dubiously)—No, you take one of my cigars. (Offers him a good cigar.)

Pfeiffer—No, Heinrich, mine was the offense, yours is the indemnity. (Offers him the jar of stogies again.)

Block—No, as a loyal American I couldn't burn one of these things up.

Pfeiffer—Why not?

Block—Hoover says we should conserve our vegetables. (Each picks up his respective paper and reads, silently, puffing at their cigars. A slight pause, indicating a paragraph in paper.) Did you read about Professor Ermitier, of Manheim, discovering how to make pancakes out of sawdust?

Block (quietly)—Wonderful! But who the dickens is going to eat it,

NAVY RETAINS DOBIE AS FOOTBALL COACH

Having finished his work here for the present season Gilmour Dobie, coach of the Naval Academy football teams for the past two years, has left Annapolis. He has taken up his residence in Baltimore, and will come to Annapolis occasionally. Under his contract he will return as head coach next season.

Dobie came here two years ago, and before the present season signed a contract with the Naval Athletic Association to remain as coach for two seasons. There is general satisfaction with his work, and an effort will be made to secure a game against West Point next year and a schedule of other games in keeping with the team which Dobie has put in the field during the past two seasons.

THE END.

The Mine Burst had a glorious life. It has accomplished its mission. A mission that without a doubt was a leading factor in this great war. The editors of said issue strived to make it one that would well gladden the hearts of the men of the Mine Sweeping Division. An issue that would, in their spare moments, take their minds off the perilous work in which they were engaged. The Mine Burst was published to help keep up the morale of the men, and has succeeded. Owing to the fact that a number of the men at this base will go on the inactive list, and also the operation of some of the men in foreign waters, this will be the last issue of The Mine Burst. The staff of The Mine Burst wish all the men at the base "God speed in their undertakings."

BUY W. S. S.

May Fly to Grid Game.

Members of the Mineola aviators football team, which is to meet the Boston College eleven at Braves' Field on Saturday, probably will come from Long Island by airplane. An effort is being made to obtain the sanction of the War Department for the air trip.

LIGHTEST KNOWN WOOD.

A consular report from Port Limon, Costa Rica, gives interesting details concerning the trade of that region in balsa or corkwood (Ochroma), said to be the lightest of all known woods. It has long been used in tropical America for making canoes and a special type of raft, also known as a balsa. It is very porous and a good insulator against heat and cold, and the report above mentioned states that it would be valuable for airplane construction. The young trees are soft and very sensitive to injury from vines. The trees are dioecious, the male tree being known as burillo and the female as balsa real. The shipment of balsa wood has apparently not assumed large proportions, owing to the difficulty of transporting it from its native forests to the railway.

SO IT GOES.

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WAR DEPARTMENT IN FAVOR OF SPORT

General March, in Letter to Johnson, Sees No Reason, Under Present Conditions, for Keeping Ban On.

Professional baseball will be resumed in the major leagues next season, with government sanction. This positive announcement has been made by President Ban Johnson, of the American League.

Johnson issued a statement to this effect after he had received a letter from General March, chief of staff of the army, who advised that the War Department, under present conditions, could see no reason why the game should not be resumed.

"The War Department closed baseball last September by declaring it non-essential, and it was only proper that the department should be consulted in regard to our plans for reopening," Johnson said. "Consequently I put the entire situation before General March for his approval."

General March's Reply.

General March's reply to the American League executive follows:

"I have your letter of November 30 concerning the resumption of baseball next year, and would advise you that the War Department, under present conditions, sees no reason why the game should not be resumed, in accordance with the usual regular schedule.

"It is our policy to muster out of service, as rapidly as possible, all the men now in the United States, who number some 1,700,000, and we are returning from abroad for the purpose of discharging, a number of men which is only limited by the shipping at our disposal.

"Unless there are some changes in the situation, which now seem impossible, there is no reason known to us why the great national game should not be continued as usual next year. The wholesome effect of a clean and honest game like baseball is very marked, and its discontinuance would be a great misfortune."

Stars to Return Soon.

Johnson said that the stars of baseball who joined the service, among them Ty Cobb, Grover Alexander, Benny Kauff, "Hank" Gowdy and others would likely be among the first to receive their discharge, so they would be able to join their clubs on the spring training trips. Cobb is a Captain in the Chemical Division, now in France.

Definite plans for the resumption of the game will be made at the annual meetings of the major leagues this month. The National League will hold its sessions in New York next Tuesday, and the American League probably will convene in Chicago two days later.

Johnson said he did not believe that there would be a joint session of the two leagues, although the National League had requested it. Committees from the two organizations, together with a committee from the National Association of Minor Leagues, probably will meet soon after the sessions of the major leagues to settle a number of questions of policy confronting them.

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